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*IN THE LAND OF
THE HARVEST*

VERSE

BY

WILLIAM CARY SANGER, JR.

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AUTHOR OF "TIDES OF COMMERCE"

"THE CITY OF TOIL AND DREAMS"



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*This Book is Dedicated
to the Memory of My Brother
Henry Lawrence Sanger*

In the Land of the Harvest

SUMMER

Valleys of green and golden fields entrancing,
Cool wooded hills that climb to meet the sky,
Fair woodlands, gay with checkered sunlight
dancing,
White clouds on high.

Close to the cottage wall the vine is clinging,
Lazily dreaming are the maple trees;
Far in the blue above a lark is singing,
Soaring and sailing on the summer breeze.

1917.

SUNSHINE

Along the hills the glint of sunbeams fair
That kindle field and furrow with their light.
Refreshing with their rays the morning air,
And cheering vale and hilltop's wooded height.
Far in the blue, the clouds in gathered might
Sweep in majestic splendor to the west,
Like sailing squadrons billowing in flight
Moving at some Imperial behest,
Across the surging seas to Islands of th Bleste.

1916.

RAIN

A veiling mist encompasses the earth,
Broken at times by sullen drifting rain,
A fitting mood for melancholy's birth
Fraught with the memories of former pain;
Blossom and leaf alike bow down again,
With weight of gathered dampness bending low,
O'erladen with the moisture they retain,
And dreary mists across the valleys blow,
Shrouding the fields where wheat and barley
grow.

1916.

ODE

“They do not know enough to care or dream,”
So said a passer-by who saw them there,
Wearily trudging home along the street.
A dim and listless afternoon
When the sun’s rays
Glowed through the haze,
And seemed to beat
In pulsing cadences and waves of heat
Upon the air,
And everywhere were toilers from the mills;
For them few sunny days were wont to gleam;
From morn till night the factory alone
Dulled with its monotone
Their darkened days;
And yet the hills
Around the town
And up and down the valley far and wide
Gladdened the countryside.

“They do not know enough to care or dream,”
So said the passer-by,
Now knowing how
The soul may be confined yet wander far
Beyond the loom and factory and plow
Seeking a star
Or planet in some dim imagined sky,
A distant gleam,
That beckons far beyond
All earthly bond
Into a day which is the deathless goal
Of every prisoned soul.
A day which has not come, yet is to be
Splendid and free
In the fulfillment of Eternity.

May, 1916.

AFTER THE STYLE OF CHRISTOBEL

Quiet the sea; a lonely star
Shines in the planet-jeweled sky;
The lazy ground-swell plays afar;
A sailing ship serene and slow
Dim on the sea is passing by;
Her lights reflected dance and glow.
Along the coast the wash and sweep
Of drowsy waves their cadence keep,
And on a headland, ghostly white,
A lighthouse flashes through the night.

1916.

A CALL TO THE HARVEST

Harvest fields of burnished gold
Where the sunlight tips the wheat,
Call again to young and old:
Leave the office and the street,
Leave the restless city's toil
For the freshness of the soil,
For the plain beneath the sky,
Where the clouds are sailing by;
There your heart shall find its measure
Of contentment—free from pain,
And the reaping will be pleasure
As you gather in the grain.

July, 1916.

THE SPADE

A humble thing, but yet its power turns
Great empires, overthrowing Prince and King.
Gold from the mountain, iron from the mine,
These and their like are children of its toil;
Foundations of great palaces and halls,
And vast Cathedral towers owe their birth
To that most potent dynasty—the spade.
And at the last when Captains and when Kings
Sleep after life's long battle—to the ground
The Church consigns their dust; and when the
prayers
Are ended and the mourners all depart,
The spade completes their final earthly rites
And bids them rest until the Lord shall come
At the last resurrection of the Dead.

1916.

CHILDREN OF THE FACTORIES

(*After L'Allegro*)

Now the day of toil is done,
Children at the set of sun
Beside their cottage window sill
Watch the twilight on the hill,
Where lights appearing wink and glow
And chimney smoke arises slow;
Seated beside the window ledge,
They talk of voyage and pilgrimage
To foreign lands and distant shores,
And castles great and palace doors.
They dream of gorgeous kings and queens,
And marbled halls and jeweled screens,
Where they may play and wander far
Under the mystic sunset star.
Knights and squires give to each
Words of welcome, kindly speech,
And so in thought they fly away
Into the realm of another day.

1916.

ONE TENTH

If we could say one tenth of all we feel,
Or do one tenth of all we dream and plan;
Telling of things we've witnessed far and wide,
And characters we've met with here and there,
How happy and how thankful we should be.
But why be wasting time on idle thoughts,
For though our lives might last a thousand
 years
And we had strength to work by night and day,
Yet we could never more than just begin
To tell of all the glory of the world,
Things that have happened since the world
 began,
And all that happens now from day to day.
Nature is glorious beyond belief;
Man is a living witness of our God;
The Works of Man speak likewise of His power.
The Universe and all the Soul of Life
Are marvelous and glorious and vast.

Yet out of all this endless field of Life
We may but touch some portion here and there.
Our years are all too brief—and soon we pass
Beyond the Portals to that Other Life
Where—by the Cross—we'll waken in the Light;
But while we live, God grant us strength and
 power
To see our pathway clear and never halt
For Barrier or Pain—but driving on
Look ever toward the Light—till Life is done.

1913.

AT THE END OF THE DAY

At the end of the day when the sun sinks low
On plain and ridge and crest,
And the evening shadows deepen and grow,
And we're tired and sick and opprest;
We come to a home that we all well know,
Our haven—Wanderer's Rest.

Weary and lone we make our way
To the portal that opens wide;
And we enter in—at the close of the day;
For there we may abide.
Nor is there any long delay—
Once we have stepped inside.

We loose our packs—and free from care
We lay us down to sleep,
And we rest—and none may rouse us there,
For we slumber long and deep;
We rest—God knows we need our share
For the road is rough and steep.

At the End of the Day 13

Through the long, hushed night we find release;

There is no danger nigh.

There is no sound—in silent peace

The age-long night goes by,

Till the Light that bids the darkness cease

Dawns in the eastern sky.

1913.

CHILDREN OF THE DAWN

Children of the Dawn are we,
Watchers of the night,
Eager for the Dark to flee,
Longing for the Light.

Yearning for the brighter day,
Dream of every soul;
Striving, though so far away,
Ever towards the goal.

Radiant—across the years
Of our world of strife;
Eastward—where the skyline clears,
Gleams a waking life.

Guided by the dawning glow
Through the Lands of Night
Forward on our course we go
Following the Light.

1913.

AUTUMN

The harvest fields of autumn time are calling,
Valley and wooded hill and golden plain,
Rejoicing where the sunbeams now are falling
After the rain.

WHAT DO THEY KNOW OF DEATH?

What do they know of pain
Who only know
The tortured blow
Of brief affliction?

Time will repay them all,
And raise up those who fall;
Their pain shall seem to all
A benediction.

What do they know of death—
They who have died
In might and pride
Of life and power?

Clergy and mourning crowd
Praying with faces bowed
Chanting their psalms aloud
Echo the hour.

What Do They Know of Death? 17

But others—they know pain
And death's grim power
Through every hour
Of life—unceasing.

A living death shall keep
Their spirits chained to weep
Till Time shall bid them sleep—
All care releasing.

1916.

THE NEW KINGDOM

We thought that Princes came with Power, and
Pomp, and Pride, and Might,
But Who is this that comes to earth so humbly
in the night?

We thought that Kings were born to sleep with
silk beneath their head,
But Who is this that finds for rest a lowly manger
bed?

We heard that Emperors lived in state and ruled
by rod and bar,
And made their gorgeous journeys in a golden
chariot car;
Striving to teach their subjects that their king-
dom stretched afar.

But Who is this that teaches—the Truth, the
Life, the Way,
Making his humble journeys on foot from day to
day,

Whose name in Faith but spoken—washes all
guilt away?

We heard that Potentates were wont to scorn the
sick and lone,
Careless enough to help the wrecks—who knelt
before their throne;
Careful to aid no interest that would not serve
their own.

But now the lame are walking, even the deaf
can hear;
The blind have sight, the sick are healed, the
weak have nought to fear;
The lepers kneel before him—and rise refreshed
and clear.

We heard that tears were scorned by Kings (for
they were proud and staid);
Who is it weeps beside the grave where Lazarus
is laid?

We thought the Cross a sign of shame—a curse
to hold and bind;
What manner of Prince has made It the emblem
of mankind?

We thought that Death was master of man's
restricted day;
But now we hear a Power has rolled the stone
away.

We thought the years made mock of Kings—and
Time all bonds would sever,
But Who is He who comes to reign forever and
forever?

1913.

THE LIFE BEYOND

Seek not the living among the dead,
For ye shall not find them there;
Think not they rest in the narrow bed
That is only the earthly share.

Dust, it is true, shall return to dust,
And earth to the earth again,
Ashes to ashes—decay and rust
Are the prizes of earth's domain.

But why do ye seek in the Courts of Night
For those who are free from bond?
They live—in the Realms of Eternal Light;
Afar in the life beyond.

1913.

RAILROAD BUILDERS

When every dream was shattered,
When every hope had gone,
Against odds not even a gambler's chance,
They fought their way and they drove their lance
Through rock and cliff—and it's still "Advance."
They *never* give in on the line.

1913.

THE LEGIONS OF LIGHT

*They shall cleanse the Earth of a million sins
And a million souls set free;
Their task begins when time begins,
And ends with eternity.
Children, under the skies of blue,
Playing beside the sea
And a world refreshed and made anew
Their monument shall be.*

“What do you see in the snowy clouds
Ever and ever so high,
Up by the towering City's shrouds
Where the offices mount to the sky?
All I can see is the vault of blue,
And the billowy clouds in the air,
But I know that your eyes are young and true,
Oh, tell me what you see there!

“And what is that cloud bank far to the west,
Beyond the billows of white?

Its stormy dark and towering crest
Seems like the shadow of night.
I see the distant lightning play,
Flash and disappear,
And the thunder roars—but speak, I say,
Oh, what do you see and hear?”

“I see the Legions of Light, my friend,
In the smoke of the cannonade,
Squadrons that plunge where the ranks extend,
And the galloping charge is made;
Artillery smoke clouds whirl and change
As the battle swings along,
And I know that the gunners have found the
range
And they’re storming the Forces of Wrong.

“Storming the Forces of Wrong to-day,
And afar in the upper sky,
Above the clouds where the armies sway,
The Aërial fleets go by.
Far and far in the higher air
Of the uppermost strata of mist,
In each successive cloud-belt layer
Wherever the foe resist.

“I see the flash of the guns that speak
Across the hills of cloud,
I hear the whirr of shells that shriek
And whine and scream aloud;
The thunder and roar of heavy guns
Pounding and pounding away
Tell where the barrier river runs
And the rival armies sway.

“At first the Legions of Light fall back,
Savagely fights the foe,
Whose thundering charge and grim attack
Deal his pitiless blow,
But yet as the day wears on apace
And the sunset fires burn
On cloud and summit in starry space
I see the war-tide turn.

“For now the Legions of Light advance,
Their hosts are surging by,
Sweeping the plains and the vast expanse
Of the valley across the sky.
Their guns boom forth from crag and peak,
That tower above the plains,
And night comes on, but the guns still speak,
The Army of Light still gains.”

*They shall cleanse the Earth of a million sins
And a million souls set free;
Their task begins when time begins,
And ends with eternity.
Children, under the skies of blue,
Playing beside the sea
And a world refreshed and made anew
Their monument shall be.*

1915.

SEA-COAST MEMORIES

A silent token,
A promise spoken,
Whispered vows, that shall not be broken.
The evening star, and the wave-washed bar—
A light afar—
And a promise spoken.

June, 1916.

THE RUSH HOUR

When the long day's work is ended,
And the never ceasing beat
Of the traffic's roar is blended
With the sound of moving feet;
If you watch the crowded places
Where the workers throng the way,
There you see the tired faces;
Wearied—after the day.

1913.

NIGHT

The dances now are done—the guests have gone;
Even the revellers are hushed in sleep.
The lamps burn low, the streets are quiet now;
Deserted save where here and there some form
Paces the sidewalk up and down again;
A watcher of the dim, mysterious night.
And far above—all cold, and calm, and white,
The moon floats high through drifting banks of
cloud,
Its silver glory touching roof and street.

1912.

MIST OF THE SEA

A fog-bell tolling,
The ground-swell rolling,
And dim on the misty beaches shoaling;
A ghostly gray is the fog and spray
And the sea to-day,
As the bells are tolling.

June, 1916.

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